Let us, in heaps, go offer up our lives
Unto these English, or else die with fame [6].

ORL. We are enough, yet living in the field,
To smother up the English in our throngs,
If any order might be thought upon.

BOUR. The devil take order now ! Ill to the throng ;
Let life be short ; else, shame will be too long.

[Exeunt

SCENE VI.

Another Part of the Field.

Alarums. Enter King HENRY *and Forces ; EXE* and Others.*

K. HEN. Well have we done, thrice-valiant countrymen :
But all's not done, yet keep the French the field.

EXE. The duke of York commends him to your majesty.

K. HEN. Lives he, good uncle ? thrice, within this hour,
I saw him down ; thrice up again, and fighting ;
From helmet to the spur, all blood he was.

EXE. In which array, (brave soldier,) doth he lie,
Larding the plain [7] : and by his bloody side,
(Yoke-fellow to his honour-owing wounds,)
The noble earl of Suffolk also lies.
Suffolk first died; and York, all haggled over,

[6] Unto these English, or else die with fame.] This line I have restored from the quartos, 1600 and 1603. The Constable of France is throughout the play represented as a brave and generous enemy, and therefore we should not deprive him of a resolution which agrees so well with his character. STEEVENS.

[7] Larding the plain :] So, in King Henry IV, Part I. :

** And *lards the* lean *earth* as he walks along."

STEBVKNS. -